

The future, Alfred

by Literaturefangirl

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Summary: Following his death, Superman delivers an important message in Bruce's dream that sets him on a quest to find the other Metahumans.

The future, Alfred

_Dong. Dong. Dong. Dong. _

Bruce Wayne hears the knell of a funeral bell, as he slowly takes the long path towards the Wayne family crypt. It's a place he is intimately acquainted with, that serves many purposes; the final resting place of his family, a place for quiet reflection and the setting of his own personal nightmares.

Dong. Dong. Dong.

In his hand, lies a bouquet which consists entirely of blue bellflowers, save for a single red bellflower in the center of the bouquet. Their drooping appearance match the dejected mood of their owner, as Bruce approaches his parent's graves to pay his respects.

_Thump. Thump. Thump. _Bruce hearsthree knocks coming from behind Martha Wayne's crypt shutter, which makes his face contort with worry. What comes after, is a spray of stone fragments and a blinding ray of light. With no Wonder Woman to protect him this time, Bruce's arm is the only thing that shields him from harm.

Bruce lowers his arm and finds the Man of Steel standing in front of his mother's grave.

"Clarkâ€¦" Bruce addresses his former friend and swallows, the lump in his throat making it difficult for further words to leave his mouth. What could he possibly say to him, after all that had happened?

"The bell has been rung, Bruce. There isn't much time, you need to find them." Superman cryptically tells Bruce.

"Find who?"

"The others." He answers and begins vanishing from sight.

"How do I find them? Wait! Don't go!" Bruce pleads, which only serves in ending his dream. Even in death the Man of Steel continued in his efforts to aid others. Even if he didn't provide the necessary answers.

Wanting to wash away the taste of that cryptic dream, Bruce leaves his room and heads toward the lounge. He takes out a wine glass and a bottle of his best wine and sits down on the leather couch and pours himself a drink.

While on to his second glass of wine, Bruce hears a familiar snarky voice coming from behind the couch, "Drinking at this hour, Master Wayne?"

"I need it."

"Well, since I'm here the least I can do is help you finish you the bottle, so you don't drink yourself into a stupor." Alfred settles himself down on the sofa next to Bruce, with an empty glass of wine he had brought with him.

"When have I have I ever done that? Bruce retorts with a doubtful tone.

"Shall I count the times?"

"No Alfred, you don't have to." Bruce replies begrudgingly. Clearly defeated by Alfred's wit.

To change the subject, Alfred fills up his glass and brings up the matter of a toast, "So... what are we drinking to?"

"The future, Alfred." Bruce answers. "Hopefully a good one." He adds with a wry smile.

"I'll drink to that."

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><p>Author note: After seeing Batman v Superman, I wondered what Bruce's night would be like after the events of the film. So I wrote this dream sequence and ended my story on a happy note to match the hopeful tone at the end of the movie that follows.
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